Twenty-one

Corey Smith

When I was only seventeen, couldn't wait for twenty one
I'd hang around on Clayton Street in the bars there gettin' drunk
A baseball cap and a fake ID would get me in the clubs
Then I would dance with the college girls and lie about who I was
I'd say "I'm pre-Med. here at UGA, live on Milledge Avenue.
I was raised over in Buckhead, I drive a BMW."I was breakin' hearts and takin' names and numbers just for fun.
Stealin' kisses wishin' I was twenty one.When Thursdays came and pocket change would quickly disappear
Upstairs at Lowry's Tavern, we'd pay a nickel for every beer
Shootin' pool, smokin' cigarettes with a dizzy head and a grin
Four A.M. on a school night, still hangin' out with my friends
One hour's sleep on a dirty couch, no shower, off to school
Smellin' just like a brewery with a bad hangover tooThe teachers all would hassle me: "Stay awake, pay attention"
I was catchin' hell, wishin' I was twenty one.The youngest one of all my friends, I didn't act my age
Too cool for the football games and the homecoming paradesNow I look back and I have to smile, cause boy it was fun
Bein' seventeen, wishin' I was twenty oneNow I'm only twenty six, feelin' more like fourty three
My hairline's disappearing, and I never get ID'd
My clothes are out of fashion, no I'm not cool anymore
In the bed by ten o'clock each night, and up at half-past four
Still I go down to that college town when the Bulldogs play at home
I drink keg beer from a trash can til the whole damn thing is goneThen I look at all those college girls so innocent and young
And I just check 'em out, and say "Damn... I wish I was twenty one"

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